DAILY DEMOCRAT-FORUM

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CONTESTS TO RUN 3 DAYS

PROGRAMS OUTLINED COLLEGE INTERSOCIETY COMPETES

FINISH PREPARATIONS

February 11, 12 and 13 Named as Days of Contests By Intersociety Committee.

(Green and White Courier)

Preparations have been about completed for the Eleventh Annual Intersociety Literary Contests at the Northwest Missouri State Teachers College.

A joint meeting was held, and a good-fellowship program was given last Thursday. Friendly rivalry is running high, and each afternoon's program bids fair to be greeted with an unusual amount of enthusiasm.

An interview with Mr. Lamkin brought out the statement that classes will not be dismissed, but students may get excuses from their instructors to attend the contests.

The inter-society committee has arranged the following programs which will be given, February 11, 12, and 13.

Wednesday, February 11.

1. Piano Solo—"Juba Dance" ..... Margaret Mills

2. Debate: Resolved, that the present immigration law is justifiable.

Affirmative: Eurekan — George Newman, Richard Baker.

Negative: Excelsior—Ganum Findley, Sam Evans.

3. Oration—

Philomathean—"War Annihilation"—Melvin Rogers.

Eurekan—"The Unknown Toiler"—John DeMotte.

Excelsior—"A Debt to our Forefathers"—Paul Stone.

Decision of Judges.

Thursday, February 12.

1. Piano Solo—To be selected.

2. Debate: Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished.

Affirmative: Eurekan—Burdette Yeo, Fred Street.

Negative: Philomathean—Wilson Craig, David Nicholson.

3. Extemporaneous Speaking—

Philomathean—Florine Pollard.

Excelsiors—Walden Lemaster.

Eurekan—Ermil Coler.

4. Sight Reading—

Eurekan—Laura Margaret Raines.

Philomathean—Grace Foster.

Excelsior—Ethel Kaufman.

5. Decision of Judges.

Friday, February 13.

1. Piano Solo — Selected — Iva Dukes.

2. Debate: Resolved, that the United States should join the permanent court of international justice.

Affirmative: Excelsior—T. H. Walton, Leslie Holcomb.

Negative: Philomathean — Melvin Rogers, Doy Carr.

3. Declamation—

Excelsior—"The End of the Path"—Maysel Laughlin.

Eurekan—"Humoresque"—Margaret Dietz.

Philomathean—"Old Mistis"—Lois Lawson.

4. Song—

Eurekan—Quartette — "Kentucky Babe"—Lota Claire Landfather, Christine Goff, Katherine Gray, Neri Robertson.

Excelsior—Solo—"My Dreams" Hazel Cox.

Philomathean—Trio—"Where The Lilies Bloom."—Lorraine Maxey, Elizabeth Mills, Zelma Neal.

5. Essay—"Crime Within the Nation"—

Philomathean—Fred Nelson.

Eurekan—John DeMotte.

Excelsior—Mrs. D. L. May.

7. Decision of Judges.

8. Announcement of Essay Winner.

If Esperanto is ever to get anywhere, now is its chance to start in on cross-word puzzles.—Indianapolis, Ind., Star.

There is no truth in the statement that all men are fools. It it were true, there wouldn't be so many old maids. —Norfolk, Va., Ledger-Dispatch.

The reason a lot of business men do a small business and the reason a great many towns remain small is because it is so much easier to do small things than it is to do big things. It is the old story of following the lines of least resistance.

Chief Figures in News of the Day

Above: GEORGE GALLIGAN & JULIUS FLEISCHMANN
Below: GEN. WM MITCHELL & MICKEY WALKER.

George Calligan, Sheriff of "Bloody Williamson" County, Illinois, in which Herrin is located, has promised Gov. Len C. Small to remain away from Williamson as long as his presence is believed likely to cause another K. K. K. flare-up. Mickey Walker, welterweight champion of the world, called on President Coolidge and presented him with a regulation set of five-ounce boxing gloves. Julius Fleischmann, "yeast king," of Cincinnati, O., and New York, dropped dead from the back of his pony while playing polo at Miami, Fla. Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, is the chief figure in the battle on in Washington over alleged muzzling of army officers in the Congressional investigation into aircraft.

Thousand and First Ordinance Is Recently Passed by Council

One thousand and one—how often that expression is heard. "A thousand and one things."

Yet it only happens once in the life of a city when it comes to the city council passing the 1,001 ordinance. This is what happened recently when the city council of Maryville passed the 1,001 ordinance that called for the establishing of a grade on a portion of one of Maryville's streets, a preliminary matter for the paving of the street.

But now the 1,001 ordinance is past history, even in the passing of a week, as the city council has superceded this ordinance with others, as many ordinances have to be passed when it comes to putting through the the paving program that is inaugurated for the year.

The 1,001 ordinance was passed by a body of men, only three in number, the mayor, W. O. Garrett, and the two commissioners, Augustus Romasser and D. E. Hotchkin.

But it took a larger body of men to pass the first ordinance for the city of Maryville when it was incorporated as a city of the fourth class. Then the mayor-alderman form of city government was in vogue and the city council was comprised of eight members and the mayor, while today Maryville is congratulatiag itself for changing over to the manager-commission form of government, just six years ago.

While the 1001 ordinance pertained to improvements for the city the first ordinance concerned the ordinances that were in effect before the city was changed to the fourth class. It was on April 13, 1880 that R. C. Montgomery, president of the board of aldermen, affixed his name to the first ordinance passed and S. R. Beech, the mayor approved of it. Ordinance No. 1, reads as follows:

"Be it ordained by the board of alderman of the city of Maryville as follows:

"Section 1: That all laws and parts of law-ordinances known as 'The Revised ordinances of the incorporated town of Maryville' that were in force and effect at the time of the re-organization of said town into a city of the fourth class and not inconsistant or in conflict with Article 5 of Chapter 89 of the statutes of Missouri as contained in the revision of 1879 thereof, shall continue to be in full force until repealed exception Section 6 of Article 1 of Chapter 15 of said ordinances of the incorporated Town of Maryville, so far as said section shall pertain to the appointment of an attorney.

"Section 2: The mayor of the city of Maryville is hereby authorized to appoint with the advice and consent of the Board of Alderman, a city attorney as soon as is practicable who shall hold his office for the period of one year and until his successor is appointed and qualified unless power disqualified or removed.

"Passed April 13, 1880.

"R. C. Montgomery, president of the Board of Alderman.

"Approved: S. R. Beech, mayor."

In 1903 the Board of Aldermen revised the ordinance of the city of Maryville and had them compiled in a book, Revised Ordinance No. 1, was passed May 13, 1903, when W. T. Garrett was mayor and E. H. Bainum was the clerk of the Board of Aldermen.

The present efficient mayor and manager of Maryville, in picking up this book of revised ordinances and opening the book at random, made the remark something like this:

"Yes, the dog situation confronted the council in those days as it does at present." Only recently the council passed an ordinance, which is now in effect, placing a $3 tax on dogs over a certain age, that are kept within the city limits.

Mayor Garrett, scanned the page and at the bottom of the ordinance in the book of Revised Ordinances saw the name of his father, W. T. Garrett, who was then mayor of Maryville, and paused to say, "little did I think then, when Dad was mayor, that I would follow in his footsteps."

The salary of the mayor and aldermen when Maryville was incorporated as a fourth class city does not vary much with the salary the present mayor and commissioners receive. Then the mayor received $800 per annum and the aldermen $50. The salary for the City Dads was changed from time to time, with not much variation, and at one time the aldermen received as high as $200 a year.

The salary that Gus Romasser and Dick Hotchkin now receive does not much more than buy their tobacco. Since the book dealer does not use the weed this small sum he receives for aiding in directing the destinies of Maryville is no doubt used for other purposes. W. O. Garrett receives more of a salary than when his father was the "first citizen" in the city, but it comes to him in the form of a salary as city-manager.

And the clerk——

He used to receive remuneration on the amount of work he did.

The ordinance in effect in 1880 allowed him 50 cents for every certificate and seal; 10 cents for every 100 words for copying papers, documents and ordinances; $1 for each meeting of the Board of Aldermen, and 10 cents for each 100 words and figures copied in making the tax books.

But now things are different. The city clerk uses the typewriter for writing up the records of the meetings of the city council and copying off ordinances and works on a flat yearly salary.

Conditions in the city form of government have changed greatly in the biggest town of Nodaway County, and always for the better.

Insure Success of College Music Week

Complete Plans for Annual Affair, Which Begins May 1, By Obtaining Noted Artists.

Plans were completed last week at the College for making the Annual College Music Week, which begins May 1, a success, by obtaining noted artists to appear on the programs.

The conservatory graduates and the forty-piece college orchestra will furnish the program for the first night, Friday, May 1. Ruth Houchens and Gertrude Belt will be the graduates in piano and Marie Cloud the graduate in vocal.

Sunday night the faculty of the conservatory of music with a chorus made up of one hundred fifty of Maryville's public school children will appear on the program.

The Minneapolis Symphony with Marie Tiffany, Metropolitan soprano soloist, will give an afternoon and evening concert Monday, May 4.

Tuesday night will be left open.

The Artists Concert with Mrs. Allen Taylor, soprano, Mrs. Raymond Havens, contralto, Mr. Ernest Daves, tenor, and Mr. David Grosch, bass, will be given Wednesday evening.

Handel's "Messiah" will be sung by the college chorus Thursday night, May 6, with the four artists of the preceding evening taking the solo parts. These soloists sang the "Messiah" with the famous Lindsborg chorus in Kansas City at the dedication of the new Royal Stock Exchange building November 18 and 19, 1922.

Different Subjects for H. S. Contests

Literary Meets Conducted by College To Give Students Tests in Essay Writing.

(Green and White Courier)

The literary contest held under the direction of S. T. C., will again give the high school students of Northwest Missouri an opportunity to test their ability in thinking and in essay writing.

The type of subject is rather different this year. The contestant must pretend he is a judge and write out what he would say in answer to one of the excuses given below.

1. I did not know that I was breaking the law.
2. I broke the law unintentionally.
3. I don't believe in laws.
4. Necessity forced me to break the law.
5. I thought the law an unimportant one.
6. It is not right that I should be punished when so many who break the law go unpunished.
7. I am not a citizen of the country whose law I broke.
8. My unlawful act harmed nobody.
9. Everybody is disregarding the law.
10. I did not actually break the law, I merely aided the one who broke it and my part was very small.

The following rules govern the contest:

1. This contest is open to both boys and girls.
2. Each school is entitled to one representative in the essay contest.
3. The essay shall consist of an original production not to exceed 1,000 words on a subject selected from the list submitted.
4. The essay must be typewritten on good paper, in good essay form, written on but one side of the sheet. It must not bear the name of the author or his school.
5. Three typewritten copies of each essay must be sent to Miss Anna Painter, State Teachers College, Maryville, Missouri, not later than April 15. Each essay must be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer and the name of his school. The essay and envelope shall be given the same number and the envelope is not to be opened until the time for the announcing the awards.

A gold medal will be awarded to the writer of the best essay.

A bachelor is a man who doesn't smoke cheaper cigars for sixty days in order to pay for an Easter frock.—Vancouver, B. C., Evening Sun.

Women Share News Spotlight

Above: LADY GRACE E. MACKENZIE & HAZEL YEHLING
Below: HIRAM JOHNSON & COZY DOLAN

In a bitter attack on the Paris pact regarding distribution of indemnity paid by Germany under the Dawes Plan, United States Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, declared the United States had been betrayed. Lady Grace Esme MacKenzie, famous for her big game hunting in Africa, has been married for the third time, this time in New York City, to Frank Teague Jennings, a Columbia, S. C., manufacturer. "Cozy" Dolan, former coach of the New York Giants, said to have been exonerated by a New York City grand jury investigation into the O'Connell bribery plot, is reported to be ready to sue Judge Landis for reinstatement in baseball. Hazel Yehling, nineteen-year-old Chicago girl, has been missing for several days and is believed to have been kidnaped. When she disappeared she was carrying $250 to the bank.

Are Proud of School Which Has Only Boys in Attendance

What pleasure is there to write notes while the teacher is not looking, to throw paper wads and chalk and erasers, to pull the hair of the pupil sitting in the seat in front of you, to make faces as the teacher has his or her back turned, or to throw snow balls during the recess period, to play tag, and use the slide for life playground apparatus—when there is not a single girl going to the school?

There is a singular thing about the Lone Valley School, it stands alone in its class—it has the distinction of being the only school in Nodaway County in which there is not even one pupil of the feminine sex is enrolled, and has been this way since March 4, 1924.

The boys attending this school certainly are missing many of the joys of the school period. What makes the condition more striking at this rural school is that there is a man teacher as instructor.

This is the state of affairs that exists at the Lone Valley School, district No. 47, located near Clearmont, that is taught by Merle Britton. It is the only school out of nineteen high schools, one colored school, and 154 rural schools in Nodaway County, that is not attended by a girl pupil

Up until last September, 1924, Lone Valley School did not enjoy this distinction alone, as the New Hope School, taught by Miss Cecil Collins, located near Quitman, was comprised entirely of boys. However, with the commencing of school there last September, two girls enrolled and put the Lone Valley School in a class by itself.

In securing the information concerning the pupils at the Lone Valley School from the teacher, Mr. Britton, he said:

"I was glad to receive your letter in which you inquired about our school of which we are very proud." And adding as a postscript, he says, "It might be well to state that I am a man teacher." It is supposed he put in this little statement because his front name is spelled "Merle."

There are now twelve pupils enrolled in the Lone Valley School. These twelve boys are classified among seven grades, including every grade from the first to the eighth grades except the sixth.

Most of these boys must have started to school just as soon as the law allowed, as their ages are below the average, ranging from 5 to 13 years. Mr. Britton has one pupil in the first grade, one in the second grade, one in the third grade, one in the fourth grade, four in the fifth grade, three in the seventh grade and one in the eighth grade.

The class roll includes:

Frank VanPelt, age 5, first grade.
Charles Pierson, age 7, second grade.
John VanPelt, age 7, third grade.
John Whitten, age 8, fourth grade.
Homer VanPelt, age 9, fifth grade.
Lee Pierson, age 9, fifth grade.
Howard Keith, age 9, fifth grade.
Ora King, age 9, fifth grade.
Harold Sexson, age 12, seventh grade.
Verla Keith, age 13, seventh grade.
Fred King, age 13, seventh grade.
Earl Pierson, age 13, eighth grade.

Frank VanPelt, John VanPelt, Homer VanPelt, Harold Sexson and Earl Pierson are most conscientious about attending school and have a perfect attendance record since school began last September. With twelve boys enrolled in the school they have upheld almost a perfect attendance record, Mr. Britton stating that the attendance for the second quarter was 11.25.

Also, the pupils at the Lone Valley School are prompt about being on time to their school. Since September, 1923, there has not been a mark against any of the pupils for being tardy. Mr. Britton says that he is expecting to finish out the school year with only boys enrolled in his school.

The members of the school board in the Lone Valley district are:

Ed VanPelt, president of the board; Charles Pierson, who is clerk; and George Sexson, a member of the board.

Obtain Conviction on All Arrests Made

Wallace Makes Five Arrests and O'Dell Four During the Month of December.

During the month of December Deputy Game Warden John A. Wallace made five arrests and obtained five convictions, according to a field bulletin of the State Game and Fish Department.

Jasper O'Dell, who is deputized as a warden in this district was credited with four convictions on the four arrests he made during December.

G. L. Wilfley to M. A. Wagner part SE 22, W½ SW 23, 65, 35 $1.00.

Jane Alden to D. Alderman N½ N½ blk 2, Maryville, $1, and one on ½ lot 1, blk 32, Maryville, $1.00.

NO CONDITION ON ENTRANCE

FIFTEEN UNITS REQUIRED FOR COLLEGE ADMITTANCE.

LIMITS AMOUNT WORK

Rulings Made at Missouri State School Administration Association At Columbia Last Week.

(Green and White Courier)

Some rulings of particular interest to college students were made at the annual meeting of the Missouri State School Administration Association at Columbia week before last.

The first ruling of note states that after September 1, 1926, fifteen units will be required for entrance to the college, no conditions granted. Under the present system only thirteen units with two units condition are required. The new ruling, however, does not affect people over twenty-one years of age.

The conference also agreed to limit the amount of work a student may take in extension and correspondence work to 33 1-3 per cent of the work required for a degree. For example, only 40 hours of the 120 hours required for the B. S. and B. A. degrees can be taken in extension and correspondence courses. Up to two years ago 20 per cent was the amount allowed. It was then changed to 50 per cent.

The superintendents of Missouri took charge of the program on Friday at which the main discussion was school legislation. Various reports on the condition of school work were given to show the necessity of legislation to improve the schools of the state.

Mr. Threlkeld, assistant superintendent of the schools of Denver, Colorado, appeared twice on the program. He stressed especially the need of a better high school curriculum. He told of the work that was being done in Denver along that line.

Dr. Judd, of the School of Education of the University of Chicago, also gave two outstanding addresses. He emphasized the fact that the United States was trying to do a thing in education that has never been done before in the world's history. This thing, he said, was the free education of young men and women through the high school and almost through the university, the tuition charges being very light. Such a seeming impossibility is accomplished by means of the tax for the state support. As a contrast he pointed out the condition on the continent where a student, after leaving the elementary school, has to pay a large tuition fee in order to enter the high school or the college. As a result of this huge undertaking in the United States, many difficulties in regard to finance and administration have arisen.

At the banquet Friday evening President Lamkin gave a talk called "A Dream" which dealt with the situations and improvements in Missouri schools in the future.

Mr. Ziegler, superintendent of the Maryville schools, was elected vice-president of the association for the coming year.

Those from here who attended the convention were: President Lamkin, Dean Colbert, Mr. Hawkins, Dr. Keller, Mr. Phillips, Mr. L. E. Ziegler of the Maryville High School, and Mr. Leslie Somerville, county superintendent.

Real Estate Transfers.

List of instruments filed in the recorder's office of Nodaway County, beginning January 31:

E. H. Beauchamp et al to C. J. Johnston lot 7, block 19, Hopkins, $900.

E. A. Holt to A. T. Neal and wife lot 1, blk 37, City Co.'s add. Maryville, $1,000.

J. I. Bell to J. W. Hake and wife lot 4, blk 1 W side add. Maryville, $1200.

R. M. Mowry to Mollie Cox lot 5 and 8, blk 1, Linville add Graham $2,000.

J. A. Ramsey to T. M. Jones lot 2, blk 5, Arkoe $50.

J. E. Stewart to I. N. Young and wife lot 5, blk 38, City Co.'s add. Maryville, $2450.

Owen Holt to Ira Hodges, I. N. Middleton to R. E. Middleton lot 1, block 22, Charles 2nd add. Maryville $1.00.

A. Lyle to M. W. Mowry and wife lots 2, 5, 8, 11, blk 2, Brown's add, Graham, $3500.

M. C. Costillo to A. A. Felix, lot 9 blk 20, Comstock's add, Conception Jct., $1600.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

(Serialization, by Paul Perez, of the original screen version by Perley Poore Sheehan from Victor Hugo's classic, as filmed by the Universal Pictures Corporation.)

(Based on the Universal Production executed and released by Carl Laemmle).

"THE FESTIVAL OF FOOLS"

A spiritual haven in a brutal age .... a sanctuary where the persecuted could find a protection ... the enduring monument of a mighty faith—such was the Cathedral of Notre Dame, de Paris, in 1482. Towering above the very heart of the ancient city, the lofty edifice served as an incongruous background for the grotesque revelers capering in a colorful maelstrom in the broad cathedral square the Place du Parvis. It was here that the oppressed met once a year to forget their wretched existence, to cast aside the sordid care and overwhelming misery with which a tyrannical monarch, Louis XI, had burdened them.

It was the Festival of Fools. From hour to hour the Place du Parvis was becoming more and more congested, not with the aristocrats, but with the vast majority of the city's populace hungering for the license of the day. Many of the revelers were now in carnival attire. Skeletons and devils scampered about. There were grotesque imitations of lions and tigers. There were Turks and African wildmen, clowns galore, half-naked women, girls dressed as boys and boys dressed as girls—a hanging offense on any other day. But this was the one day when the people, crushed by tyranny, gave themselves to unrestrained pleasure.

Looking down on the milling throng from the lofty bell tower of the cathedral was one, who, dwelling within the rocky fastness of the edifice, was known as "the Hunchback of Notre Dame." Deaf—half-blind—shut off from his fellowmen by his deformities—the bells were the only voice of his groping soul. To the townspeople he was an inhuman freak, a monstrous joke of Nature—and for their jeers he gave them scorn and bitter hate. Quasimodo had an enormous and shaggy head, set into his humped shoulders like the head of a buffalo. He had a snout of a turned-up nose, and under this was a big mouth from which the fang-like teeth stuck out like tusks. From under his shaggy brows there gleamed a single eye. Where his right eye should have been there was a horny growth like the head of a toadstool. A pair of grossly knock-kneed legs supported his deformed but powerful frame.

Far up the rugged, man-made cliff of the intricate cathedral front—a mere speck at first in the distance—Quasimodo commenced a perilous descent. Like an ape in human clothing the Hunchback hung suspended from a projecting gargoyle. High above the stone flags of the cathedral's porch he swung back and forth, dizzily supported by a single hand. The crowd saw him. Cries of alarm and derision came to his deaf ears. Swinging by his crooked legs to gain momentum and have the use of his gnarled hands he sneered down at the mob .... and made an insulting gesture to convey his contempt for these yapping fools.

With nothing but empty space below him, the Hunchback released his hold. A full ten feet he sailed through space and caught himself on another projecting water-spout of the lofty facade. Thence, almost without a moment for rest, he sprang to a capital and began to slide down a column. At last he dropped lightly to the pavement of the cathedral porch. Crouched and swaying slightly, he snarled at the horde of merry-makers.

An imperious touch on his shoulder caused him to look up. Jehan, wicked brother of Dom Claude, the saintly archdeacon of Notre Dame, who had foresworn a priest's robes for more worldly garb, beckoned Quasimodo to join the carnival throng. As the Hunchback shambled along with the revelers a tinsel crown on his shaggy mane and a carrot for a sceptre—the climax of the festival came when the ugliest man in Paris was crowned King of the Fools—Jehan's attention was attracted by angry voices.

Paris' uncrowned monarch—Clopin, "The King of Beggars," .... the enemy of kings—had roughly seized and hurled down the broad steps leading to the cathedral a tipsy girl whose persistent efforts to force him to drink had angered him. Six-foot-four, gaunt as a panther, all bone and sinew, a lurking menace in his keen and restless dark eyes, the man in tatters was facing Jehan's brother, Dom Claude, the Archdeacon, who had witnessed the scene and hurried up to remonstrate.

Cowed by the commanding air of the priest in white, whose eyes blazed forth a menace as fiery as those of the beggar in red, Clopin turned away with a sneer. A moment later, Jehan's oily voice whispered mockingly into his ear: "So even you bow your head to my reverend brother!"

He did not look at Clopin as he said this. It was a whisper from the corner of his mouth. Nor did Clopin face the Archdeacon's brother. They knew each other well, but it wouldn't do to advertise the fact to the world—not yet.

"When I have the say-so," Clopin retorted angrily, "there'll be neither king nor clergy." His hand sought the hilt of a knife concealed between his ragged tunic.

Jehan smiled craftily, "Gold's what you need, friend Clopin. Gold's the thing that puts kings on their thrones or topples them over again."

"Aye," growled Clopin; "gold—and steel. Our day is coming—when we'll bow our heads to no man—priest or king!"

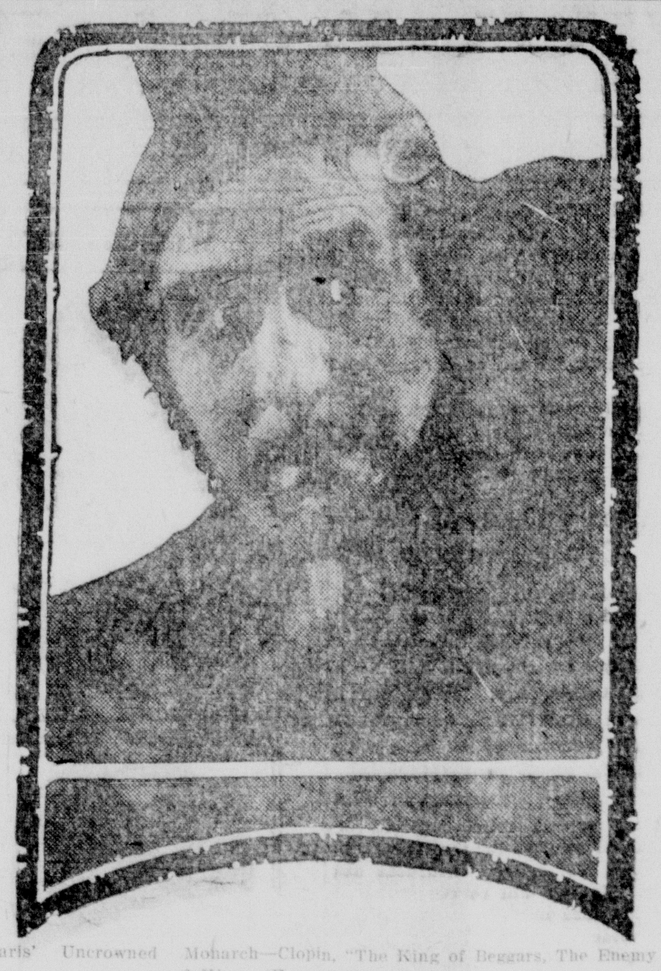
II

A TYRANT'S FAVOR

The Festival of Fools had reached its climax. Quasimodo, easily the ugliest man in Paris had been crowned King of the Fools, and was being carried on a litter borne aloft upon the shoulders of his hilarious "subjects." Passing near a gaudy tent around which a circle of revellers was massed, the cry of "Esmeralda—Esmeralda—make Esmeralda dance!" was heard.

Quasimodo and his litter were unceremoniously dumped on the hard cobblestones by his retainers, who hastened to witness the new attraction. Esmeralda, a child of mystery, whom Clopin had bought from the Gypsies and raised as his own, parted the flaps of the tent and appeared in the bespangled dress of the tribe of which she was a part. Waving a welcome to her admirers with her beribboned tambourine, she sprang into a wild dance as the Bohemian musicians struck into a wild rhythm. In the crowd that watched her tireless movements were three who loved her. Loved her differently, 'tis true, but nevertheless loved her.

Clopin, in response to some savage whim, had purchased her from the gypsies, and, since her babyhood, had reared her as his own. What those bells high up in the cathedral were to Quasimodo, so was Esmeralda to Clopin. To him Esmeralda expressed all the otherwise inexpressible craving of his soul. She was light. She was beauty. She was love. She was freedom.



Paris' Uncrowned Monarch—Clopin, "The King of Beggars, The Enemy of Kings (Ernest Torrence)

She was triumph over the sordidness and the misery of a life that was the only life that Clopin knew. She was a goddess—a symbol—a promise of a new and better world—a world which he, Clopin, would some day bring to fore; the desire gnawing at his heart pass.

Jehan was conscious only of the tense and graceful body, the youth and unspoiled beauty of the dancing girl. His jaw was on his breast. His white face was paler than ever before.

As he rode along he noticed a dim light filtering through the iron grating of a dungeon-like cellar. Through the window he could hear the frenzied lamentations of a certain crazy recluse—a woman whom all Parisians knew as Sister Gudule.

A scant fifteen years ago, this Sister Gudule had been one of the most beautiful and fashionable women of Paris, the widowed mother of a baby girl. Gypsies had stolen the child. Thence, on, the young mother's decline had been swift. She spent her

(Continued on Page Six)

drained his blood away. His breath came deeper and deeper. He was like a man hypnotized. Not a detail of her virginal, delicately rounded form escaped him. A sudden parting of the crowd revealed Quasimodo's anger at being dropped onto the pavement convulsed his features as he groped his way to the front row of the spectators. Pirouetting gracefully, Esmeralda saw the horrible monstrosity apparently snarling at her with bared fangs, and stopped terrified. The fear that was in her heart mirrored itself in her expressive features. Quasimodo saw, ... and understood. An exquisite agony of pain smote him—an excruciating sorrow welled up within him. Love had come to the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

* * *

With the noise of the revelling mob still ringing in his ears, King Louis, who had witnessed the merry-making incognito—he liked it not; to him the ribaldry savored of disrespect to God and King—tried to find peace in his favorite lodging place, the fortress of the already universally hated Bastille. "Send in that young rascal, Phoebus de Chateaupers," he commanded an aide.

From an ante-room stepped Phoebus de Chateaupers. Young, rich, handsome, free; men yielded to his sword—and women to his smile. Louis spoke to the young guardsman affectionately, as he presented him with an illuminated scroll: "This commission makes you Captain of our Guard. You see how we reward loyalty to the King and watchfulness over his safety."

Phoebus dropped to his knee as the monarch continued: "And mayhap a witchful eye will yet make thee Constable of France. But; see you, learn to leave the wenches alone." Rising to his feet, and saluting the King, Phoebus withdrew. Riding home, he smiled both at the promise and warning. The King knew him all right—the wenches had indeed been the bane as well as the pleasure of his existence. But to be Constable of France—the highest appointment within the power of a great King—by Heaven, that also was something worth trying for!

Send Flowers to those at a distance by Florists' Telegraph Delivery for Valentine's Day, Feb. 14, and for other occasions too. Let us have your orders at once and save telegraph charges. Florists' Telegraph Service is Guaranteed Service. Engelmann is the Telegraph Delivery Florist for Northwest Missouri and vicinity. Part of Engelmann's "A Complete Floral Service."

"Say It With Flowers."

ALFRED ENGELMANN, "The Florist"
Phones 17, Greenhouses, 1001 South Main

DODGE BROTHERS COACH

Dodge Brothers Coach measures up in every detail to the high standards of its builders.

Low, graceful and sturdy, it looks and performs the part of a true aristocrat.

The interior is roomy, comfortable and inviting.

The lacquer finish is exceedingly attractive in Dodge Brothers blue with body stripe of cartouche yellow.

The chassis is the same on which Dodge Brothers have concentrated all their experiences and resources for a decade. Comfortable riding qualities and dependable performance are therefore obvious attributes.

$1095 f. o. b. Detroit, $1225 delivered

Arnold-Strong Motor Co.

TIRES

TUBES

We made a good buy on a large shipment of GOODRICH TIRES and wish to pass "a good thing" on to our customers.

If you need tires, now is the time to buy them at these low prices.

30x3	$6.50
30x3½	$6.50
31x4	$12.50
32x4	$13.25
33x4	$13.85
34x4	$14.00

Be sure and lay in a supply of Goodrich or Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup tubes at—

30x3	$1.10
30x3½	$1.20

Lanning Tire, Top, Paint and Varnish Company

As these are Rock Bottom prices we can not mount tires free of charge.

Thrift == Honesty == Work and Kindliness!

These are the qualities that took the boy Lincoln to the Whitehouse and immortal fame. They are the qualities that bring success and happiness to any man—to you.

Consider them thoughtfully and use this Bank in your practice of thrift.

Real Estate Bank

"NO DEPOSIT TOO SMALL".

We are agents for the FARM AND HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF NEVADA.

FREE TICKETS TO SEE THIS GREAT PICTURE "THE HUNCHBACK of NOTRE DAME"

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

How Many Words Can You Make Out of the Letters In This Title?

Each merchant whose ad appears on this page has been provided with a number of passes for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," at the Electric Theatre, which will be awarded on this basis: Clip the ad of anyone you wish and take it to their place of business with a list of all the English words you can form out of the letters appearing in the title: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." First list of 50 words received entitles you to 1 ticket, 75 words 2 tickets, 100 words, 3 tickets. The tickets will be given to the 3 first lists of 50, 75 and 100 words received by each advertiser. CONTEST CLOSES WEDNESDAY AT NOON. Get busy and win some tickets.

THE SENSATION of TWO CONTINENTS

HOW TRUE is the statement that you hear, "Dress Well and Succeed."

Dressing well does not only consist of buying good clothes, but it also means that your clothes should be neat and clean and your suit well pressed.

When you make your date for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" be sure that you will be Well Dressed.

A phone call to 80 will bring our free delivery service to your door.

Send Us Your Next Suit — National Association Dyers and Cleaners

Superior Cleaning Co.

MASTER DYERS AND CLEANERS

An Explanation ----- But Not An Apology

You are going to be asked to pay an increased admission to the Electric Theatre during the engagement of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

This is due to the fact that we, in turn, had to pay a staggering sum to secure this magnificent production for your entertainment.

We were glad to do it. And after you have seen the picture that has set the whole world talking, you'll discover why. It is a privilege for us to exhibit such a production, and you, in seeing it, will know the thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

If "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

Were here today—he would have no baking worries as he would patronize

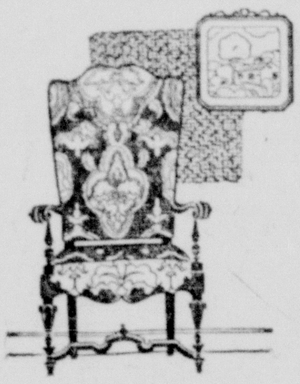
South Side Bakery

"The Home of Home Made Bread"

Tempting and Palatable.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

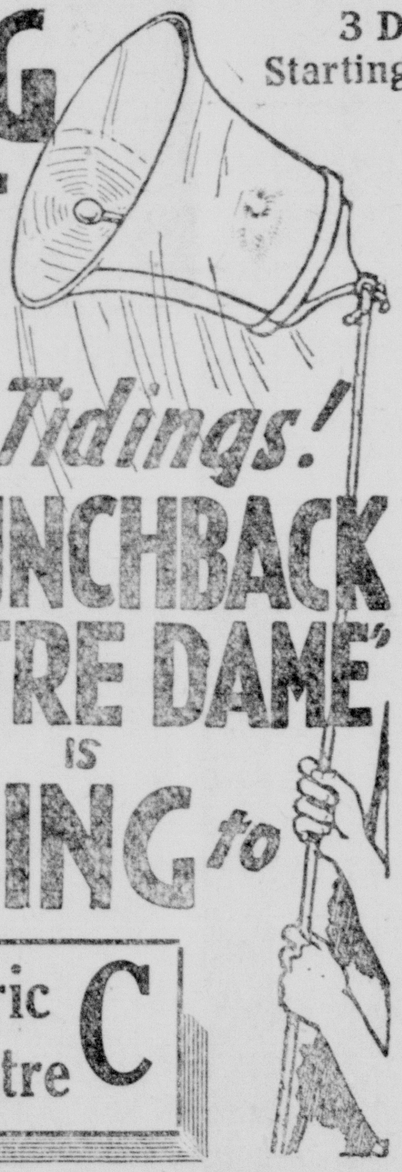
Could Have Made His Room More Beautiful by Buying His Furniture Here.



In our store are many wonderful bargains in separate pieces, that offer a wonderful opportunity to add a beauty spot to your home.

Cummins & Wray Furniture Co.

RING OUT the Glad Tidings!



"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" IS COMING to

Electric Theatre

3 Days Only
Starting Wednesday
Feb. 11th

Show Time
Mat. 3:00
Nights 7:30 and 9:30

Prices 25c and 50c

We do not eat the same as they did in the days of

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

In those days the people raised almost all of their food and the meals of a king would not match with those which are now served in the homes in Maryville.

We offer you the choice for your menu from our daily supplied line of fresh vegetables and the excellent canned products of the Batavia goods. Also fancy meats. Our free delivery is at your service.

Schumacher's

"THE HOME OF BATAVIA GOODS."

They Didn't Have Radios at the Time of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

But today people that have them in their homes believe that they could not be without one. The educational and entertaining value of the Radio can not be measured. Market and weather reports, lectures, and musical programs are all before you.

The Crosley Radio Set

represents the peak of development in the Radio world. Its true clear tone and distance powers has not been surpassed by any.

Rhodes Music Shop

Let us Demonstrate to You the Merit of Our Sets.

Only classics endure---That's why "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" lives from one generation to the next---

Raines and Chaves
JEWELERS - OPTOMETRISTS
GIFTS THAT LAST
MARYVILLE, MO.

If "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

Lived in Maryville Today—He Would Naturally Patronize

Westfall's

The shopper of yesterday as well as today wish quality in merchandise. We offer you a selection from a complete stock of spring goods and at prices that will astonish you. When you are in town stop in and let us show you our latest spring bargains.

WESTFALL Dry Goods Store

"Goods Seasonable—Always Reasonable."

"Gordon Of The Lost Lagoon"

by Robert Watson

(By arrangement with the Putman Syndicate; Copyright 1924 by Robert Watson.)

SYNOPSIS.

Douglas Gordon, an orphan waif, lives with Sam Berry, a longshoreman, and his good wife. Sam is shiftless and does not work when he can get out of it, but spends his time at the saloons. Mrs. Berry tells Douglas of a valuable package left by his father, which he is to open when he is 22 years old. She is taken to the hospital and dies within a few days. Douglas and Sam are left without their good provider.

After his mother's death, Gordon abandoned his father, temporarily at least, and started out for himself. He took work on an excursion steamer but his dog Bones got him into trouble and he had to abandon his job. While hiding on the island across from Vancouver, he met a little brown-haired slip of a girl named Sheila Campbell. When he left her, she found herself in charge of his dog Bones.

Several months passed by during which Gordon worked his way into the good favor of the lmbermen of Vancouver by both mental and physical exhibitions. He refused a tempting offer from one of the largest log dealers in Vancouver and decided to go into business for himself as a "beachcomber"—gathering up the numerous lost logs floating on the water near the "Fairy Isles." These he would sell to the dealers in Vancouver. Taking the steamer to the islands, he purchases his supplies and is ready for business.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

When I awoke to consciousness it was to a feeling that only my mind was alive; that in reality I consisted of nothing else but mind. I tried to move, but I seemed to be bound hand and foot. I lay still, then tried again. I moved, and devoutly wished that I had not done so, for the pain of moving drew a groan from me and made my forehead moist.

I opened my eyes. The light hurt so I closed them again; then, ever so long afterwards, when I felt something cool on my forehead, I opened them once more.

A kindly face was bending over me—the face of my good, old friend, Mrs. Davidson. She smiled.

"That's a great boy!" she said. "You're doing nicely. Rest quiet now!"

I tried to ask her something, but all I could say was "Sheila."

"She's all right,—all right! Now don't talk!"

At that moment, I could not have talked had I tried to, but an hour or two later I made up for it.

I could see that I was in my own front room; that it was daylight and that my window-blind was drawn down.

Mrs. Davidson fed me with soup, and I began to feel better.

Then, as I lay in a semi-stupor, some one came in, stooped over me, seemed satisfied and went out again.

How he could possibly feel satisfied it beat me to fathom. Lying with a head and mind in one place and a body, all tied up, in another, with no connection between—I myself was far from feeling satisfied.

When Mrs. Davidson came to my bedside again I was wide awake. I turned my head to her.

"Hullo!" I said, trying to smile.

She put her fingers to her lips.

"Mrs. Davidson, if you don't speak, I'm going to, get up," I whispered.

"Doctor Shaw says you are to be kept very quiet."

"Hang Shaw!" I exclaimed.

"What happened to me?" I asked next.

"You must ask Sheila Campbell that! I'm not supposed to know. Nobody knows but her, and you, and Harry Ganns."

"How am I to ask her?"

"Easy enough! She has been here day and night almost."

"Day and night! For goodness sake! —how long have I been here?"

"Two days and two nights! This is the third day. Now, you must be quiet and sleep again."

"Is Harry Ganns alive?" I asked, ignoring her admonition.

"Yes!—and out about since yesterday. His kind are hard to kill, fortunately for you."

"Is the boom safe?" I continued with some anxiety.

"Quite safe! My William has had a watch on it all the time."

I was satisfied, so I lay trying to raise some connections with the different, distant parts of my anatomy. It was hard work but I succeeded:—the arm, then the other; one leg, then the other; till even my toes came to attention at my command, assuring me that it was not so bad as it might have been—none of me was amissing.

I must have slept after that, for when I opened my eyes again, Sheila—shy, quiet and ill at ease—was sitting by my bedside. Her hand was on my brow and as I awoke she drew it away quickly.

"Sheila," I said quietly.

Tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, I am so glad that you are going to get better."

"Going to? I am better. I'll be up tomorrow."

For answer, she dropped on her knees at my bedside and buried her face in the white counterpane.

I put my hand to her hair. It pained me more than my body bruises to see her troubled.

"Please, Sheila," I begged.

"Oh, I didn't know! I didn't intend to hurt you so. I might have killed you—I thought I had killed you. Won't you please forgive me? And you saved me from him——"

I thought at first she had reference to her letter to me and to our estrangement. But then I seemed to sense that there was something else. I was bewildered.

"Sheila, you must tell me what has happened. I am all at sea still in this affair. Did Ganns' men attack us?"

She raised her tear-stained face. "Oh, n-no, Douglas! I—I did."

"You Sheila?"

"Yes! I was afraid you were going to kill him. You wouldn't let go. You would have killed him too: I could see it in your face. I—I hit you on the head with a chunk of driftwood."

I laughed until I groaned with pain.

"Please don't laugh," she admonished with a serious face. "Doctor Shaw said the day before yesterday that you might die."

"But how did you get me here, Sheila?"

"Oh, I don't know.—I just dragged you to the boat and got you in. Then I ran you over. I—I was terribly afraid."

I placed my hand over hers, but she drew hers away. Then I noticed my signet ring on my own finger.

"You put it back there, Sheila?" I asked, pointing to it.

"Yes,—that is where it belongs, but it kept me from dying just then."

"And Harry Ganns—did you bring him over too?"

"No,—no! I left him there after I knew he was coming to."

"Bravo!" I cried.

"Hush! His man went over for him early next morning and found him, badly battered up but little the worse for his experience.

"He sent me a letter yesterday, begging forgiveness. He says no one knows but we three. He says he never talks; that his man daren't say a word of the little he knows; that he will never molest me in any way again."

"Tell me, Sheila, how they got you over there."

"There isn't much to tell, but I'll tell you if you promise to be quiet. I fished a little round the Triplets, then I went over to the Lost Lagoon. Julius was with me. When we were there, Ganns and his man came on us suddenly. They must have been watching me; I guess from somewhere on Keats Island. Ganns seemed to know just what he was going to do, as if he had everything arranged. When I quarrelled with them, Julius attacked Ganns' man—a fellow they call Slick, who goes out with Zeke Ganns. They threw a sack over the dog's head and bundled him into their boat. This man went off with both boats, leaving Harry Ganns and me on the island. From what I hear, Julius must have got free in the boat, caused trouble and got himself pitched overboard for his pains. As you know, he got home, and that is what worried mother so."

She stopped suddenly.

"And what else, Sheila?" I asked.

"That is all, Douglas. You—you saved me from the rest."

"Does Harry Ganns know that you—that you beat me up when he could-not?" I asked, changing the subject a little.

Sheila rose in mock dignity. "Certainly not!"

I caught her hand.

"Douglas—please!" she remonstrated.

"But you do love me, Sheila;—not 'just in fun,'—but really and truly?"

She seemed perturbed.

"Unless you behave I am afraid I won't be able to come back any more."

I dropped back on my pillow.

"But you will come back, Sheila?" I entreated in a whisper.

"Yes,—I'll come back," she answered, but with no promise as to when. And she left me.

Life was strong, vitality recharged quickly, bed was no place for a young man with worlds to conquer.

Next morning I wired to Sam Berry to bring a hired tug and a boom-man to tow my logs to Vancouver, for the boom was complete—at least, as complete as I intended making it.

Despite Mrs. Davidson's protests and prosy old Doctor Shaw's threats, I got up, dressed, and spent the forenoon on the veranda enjoying the prospect out over the glorious bay and away to the Triplets which lay like battle-ships at anchor on the sun-kissed gulf.

I was feeling at peace with the world when a familiar figure came slowly down the road. I was elated to notice that he limped as he came and that there was little buoyancy to his carriage. For the time being, life seemed something of a burden to have to carry about with him.

I got to wondering if his tongue had by any possibility lost it buoyancy in sympathy with the rest of him. But I did not remain long wondering on that score, for he was a curious mixture—afraid of nothing and never put out or off his poise.

He saw me, came over and climbed on to the veranda beside me.

He was cool as ever, but his face looked ugly. It was badly marked and swollen. He held out his hand to me, which I ignored.

"Sorry, old man!" he said. "Hope I didn't hurt you too bad!"

"Thanks!" I replied. "You didn't hurt me at all. You are slowly recovering yourself, I notice."

His lips parted in a grin, showing the mess I had made of his front teeth with my first blow. It made me feel almost sorry, because I had always considered him a handsome-looking fellow.

He must have sensed my thoughts. He put up his hand quickly to cover his mouth.

"Yes, darn you!—you spoiled a good set of teeth, all right. I'm going to Vancouver to get that fixed.

"Say, Gordon!—you're a mighty good scrapper. Hope you don't bear any grudge. But—why didn't you tell me long ago that you weren't a customs officer? Might have saved all of this!"

"Why should I tell you what I wasn't? How am I to read your thoughts?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It wasn't a very gentlemanly thing

(Continued on page 5)

Pies—Cakes—Biscuits—Muffins
everything in which you use

CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BAKING POWDER

Looks different—tastes better—because of its greater leavening power

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

Spring Showing of Millinery

You will appreciate the miracles of design and coloring that have been achieved in the collection of the new Spring Bonnets. Attuned in shape to Spring and of exclusive designs.

Stop in and get a glimpse of the latest creations for Spring Millinery.

Graham Millinery

First Door North of Linville Hotel.

NOT ORIGINAL

We do not claim credit for originating the slogan "Dodge Brothers Dealers Sell Good Used Cars." But we do claim to be doing our part to impress the world with its truthfulness.

Arnold-Strong Motor Co.

The Spirit of Service and Good-will

President Dubois of the Western Electric Company recently addressed 40,000 employes of his Company by radio as follows:

"Today we work in larger groups than our forefathers, because no one person and no small group can design and make and assemble and test and finally sell our finished product—the product which makes neighbors of a hundred million of our fellow citizens.

"In the great scheme of modern life, you and I are doing our full part. We are not parasites nor slackers. We are useful people. That alone makes our lives worth while.

"And because the work of each of us depends upon the skill and faithfulness of others, none of us can be sufficient to himself."

The words of President Dubois might have been chosen specifically to apply to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

This Company is organized into a big group, because no small group can handle the business of oil products on the vast scale which is required by our complex civilization.

Only a large oil company can produce and distribute gasoline and lubricating oils which penetrate to the most remote parts of the Middle West in such a way as to make possible the circulation of the millions of automobiles.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is an essential part of the great scheme of modern life. Its experienced and trained personnel is of incalculable value to the community. The spirit of service and good-will which inspires every employe from the executive to the man at the furthest flung service station, is an important asset to society.

And because the service of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is performed with enthusiasm, energy and efficiency, the wheels of hundreds of other industries are kept running productively to serve the nation as a whole. For this Company is an essential cog in the machinery of civilization.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
General Office: Standard Oil Building
910 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

3862

Buick Authorized Service anywhere and everywhere is like an insurance policy. Wherever, whenever you drive, it protects the continuous, satisfactory operation of your Buick.

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FLINT, MICHIGAN

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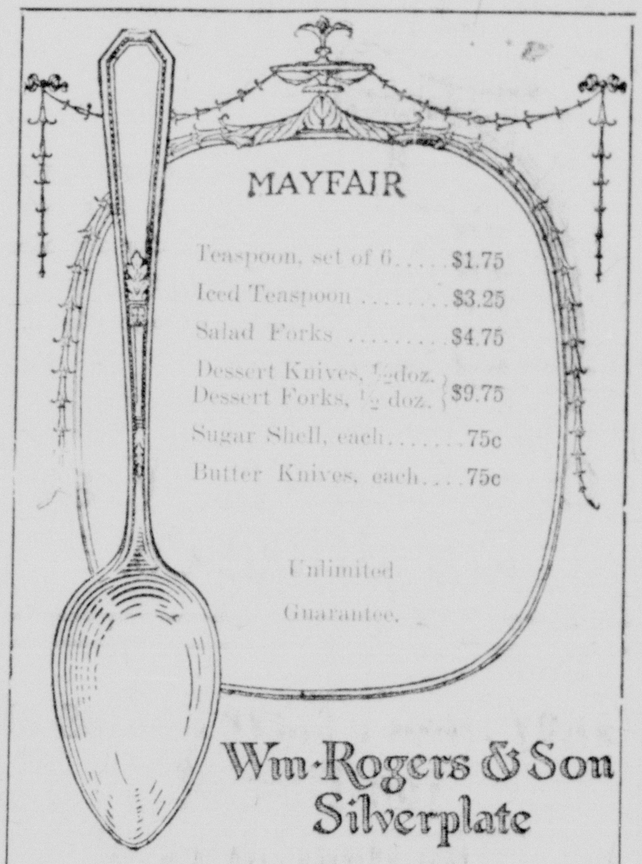
When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them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Teaspoon, set of 6 ..... $1.75
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Unlimited
Guarantee.

Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

can be purchased on our Club Plan----

No need now to worry about unexpected guesi, for this plan solves the hostess' problem---

Call us about it

Hanamo Phone 555 *Mutual 246*

Raines & Chaves
JEWELERS - OPTOMETRISTS
GIFTS THAT LAST
MARYVILLE, MO.

"Gordon of The Lost Lagoon"

(Continued from page 4)

to do to leave me out there all night on the island. I caught a brute of a cold over it."

"The last word that should pass your lips, Ganns, is the word 'gentleman,'" I retorted.

He seemed a little abashed.

"Yes,—I guess so! But we won't scrap over that.

"I told you once that if ever you got that boom together, you'd never get it away from Cohoe,—didn't I?"

"You did,—but when I am good and ready, I am going to get it away from Cohoe, just the same."

"Sure you are! I'm through. You worked hard for that boom and you deserve it. Harry Ganns doesn't have to go log-fishing for a living. You know, I thought the logs were just your excuse, when you came up here."

I did not answer him.

"Say, Gordon!—you're the kind of a man I've always had a hankering to be—a kind of natural gentleman; but somehow, I've never been able to catch on to it and they don't teach it in the correspondence schools. There is something in my make-up that won't let me. I guess you've got to be born to it, so I'm going to quit trying and stay Harry Ganns from now on.

"You've got your boom, Gordon,—and I guess you'll get the young lady too. She's your kind anyway. I'm a bit of a shyster with women. I wish you luck, old man!"

He held out his hand again. I still ignored it.

"You won't shake, huh!"

For a second, fire flashed in his eyes. "By gosh!—I believe we'll fight it all over again, you and me, if we don't keep apart."

He caught his right hand in his left and shook it. "So long, Gordon! You just beat me—and no more. Pleasant dreams and quick recovery!"

For a long time after he left, I sat and thought of him as he was, and of little Greensweater of my boyhood days, and I wondered if it would have been different with him if he had a real chance. I had tried to be friends with him in the old days, but it evidently was not to be. Now, with the span of years between, we could not be friends if we tried. Birth and environment had been too strong for the part of Harry Ganns that craved to be a gentleman.

After dinner, Sheila came—and such a Sheila as I had only caught glimpses of before. She ran as she came along the dusty road, with faithful old Bones trotting by the side of her.

Panting, radiant, daring, yet shy withal, she threw her arms about my neck and kissed me, then sinking at my feet on the veranda, she thrust something into my hands as she poured out excited sentences.

"Douglas,—Douglas,—see! My father's Bible! It is true! Oh, Douglas, it is true! My father is my very own father! People can't talk any more. See,—see!"

As Sheila raced on in a torrent of words, I read on the fly-leaf of this worn-out, tattered Bible the marriage vows of Jean Gilfillan McDonald and Douglas Campbell.

"They have come, Douglas!—my father's father and mother. They came in from Vancouver on a launch at noon today. Don't you see? Someone in Africa, where father used to be, found this. When father didn't come back, his old black servant over there took it away as a keepsake. He didn't know, of course, what it really meant to us. He just knew that father used it. He was away in another part of the country for years and years, but came back. When he was dying, the white doctor who attended him at the settlement found this in the old fellow's possession. This doctor had known father; he had heard of the inquiries years before—and he sent it immediately to dad's father by registered mail. And they just couldn't think to mail it again to us from Scotland; they wanted to bring it and, if possible, to make amends to mother for all the neglected years. They have come all the way with the good news. Oh, isn't it a dear, old Bible, Douglas?"

I sat staring at the Book in my hands.

"Mother is foolish with joy—and so am I. Don't you see what it means to us?—everything is changed. Don't you see, Douglas?"

It dawned on me at last. Foolish, in man's peculiar way, that I had not seen it before and all the time.

Dear, little, wistful Sheila!—she had never once wavered in her love, but in its very strength she had shown her willingness to accept the love I brought to her only on condition that all things were on an equal footing, or, if not equal, that the balance should weigh against her.

She would have been happy and contented with me simply as a son of the unknown. Not because she was not already assured in her own mind of the legality of her own romantic birth, but because the definite proof was lacking and because others might be able to point a finger at a love which she would have beyond reproach or not at all.

Then later, brave and determined to exasperation,—as only Sheila could be—she would have sacrificed that happiness and contentment, would have sacrificed herself in fact, when the balance, to outward appearances, swung if anything the other way, refusing to accept what she felt she could not repay on a footing of equality.

Deeply sensitive—yet frantic to hide her hurt—she had suffered quietly all these years, had hoped against hope, and in the great love she bore for her mother, had smothered her sorrow beneath her gaiety, so that her mother of all people should never guess just what the loss of this little Book meant to her. And this ghost of the past was always present to mar the great moment of Sheila's life when love should come to her in flood.

Little wonder,—the wistful, plaintive look in her face which continually chased the natural merriment that bubbled up within her!

Sheila was now sitting with her chin resting on the back of her hands as they clasped about my knee.

I raised her face and kissed her.

Sweet little Sheila!—the lady with the violet eyes and the golden-black hair; the olive skin suffused with the pinkness of June roses; all daintiness, maidenliness, charm;—she was mine, my own little lady.

"And you'll be going back, Sheila?" I said at last.

"Yes, Douglas!—we are all going back for a time. But only for a time, for no one can resist the beckoning of the West once he has been under its spell."

"Well, Sheila,—I am going too."

"Why, of course you are!" She smiled in her own, strange, sad way.

I folded my arms about her and for a long time, with my cheek against her, we gazed out across the bay to the Triplet islands, farther off still to the Isle of the Lost Lagoon; and away beyond that again into the gulf where the sea kissed the sky—to the Ivory Gates and Golden of our Fairy Dreams.

(The End).

The kluxer theory is that klanliness is next to Godliness.—Birmingham, Ala. News.

An astronomer is annoyed by frivolous jests about the sun's corona, evidently on the ground that it's nothing to make light of.—Marietta, O., Times.

Poultry Prices Show Considerable Decline

Paying Prices to Producers are Also Lower—9-Cent Drop in Egg Market During Last Week.

Quotations on live poultry in the larger markets have shown considerable decline. Paying prices to producers also are fractionally lower. The dressed market on fowls and chickens is lower on most grades and there is an easier tendency generally.

The egg market has been lively this week, dropping from a quotation of 47 cents, Chicago, on January 31, to 38¼ cents on February 5. Fine weather in the southwestern states has increased production and the movement to market is increasing perceptibly.

Paying prices to producers have declined sharply in line with the drop in market prices in the larger consuming centers. As a result of the decline a much heavier trade is expected and a more stabilized market situation is looked for.

The quality of eggs now coming is fine, showing a large percentage of newly laid stock, and this fact alone should encourage consumption greatly.

The butter market was somewhat erratic the last week, declining early in the week to a low level of 38¼ cents. It is showing considerable firmness at this time, Chicago quotation on 90 score Standards bring 39 cents, the same as a week ago. Production of butter in some sections has shown a slight decrease. A little better feeling exisits among the trade, and supplies on dealers' floors are fairly well cleaned up.

The heavy storage stocks act to dispel hope of any decided upturn in the market.

The end of the world seems to be running behind the schedule fixed by some, but perhaps it is still on the way.

American communities priding themselves on their voting prowess should consider Mesopotamia, where a population of 3,000,000 has 10,000,000 voters registered. — Tarrytown, N. Y., Daily News.

What the country really needs is a pedestrian that can see around a corner, jump like a grasshopper, and go, on occasion, sixty miles an hour.—Marietta, O., Times.

The First and Original Cold and Grip Tablet

Proven Safe for more than a Quarter of a Century as an effective remedy for COLDS, GRIP, INFLUENZA and as a Preventive.

The box bears this signature

E. W. Grove

Price 30c.

1924 STATEMENT OF THE

Maryville Shipping Association

164 Carloads of Stock shipped during 1924.

The Farmers Union charges the same for handling your stock as the old line firms do.

At the beginning of each year, they figure the actual expense for handling your stock, and refund to each member his proportionate amount of what is left.

This rebate amounted to 61 PER CENT in 1924. $1,830.77 was refunded to shippers for business done in 1924.

The Maryville Shipping Association charges 1 per cent; three-fourths of this amount goes to the manager and the balance is put in a sinking fund to pay for the cripples or dead hogs in transportation.

In other words, if a hog is all right when weighed here, it is insured for full value until it is weighed at the stock yards at the market.

But to receive either rebate or insurance, you must be a member of some farm organization—M. F. A. Farm Bureau, or others.

Ernest C. Moore is manager of the Maryville Shipping Association. He has tried to please the public the best he could, but realizes he can't please all at that. When wishing to ship your stock, call and see him. He has both phones—Hanamo 3071; Farmers 85-13.

The members of the board of directors of the Maryville Shipping Association are Frank T. Hall, Jake Chesnut, John Dowden, Henry Heitman and Charles Garrett.

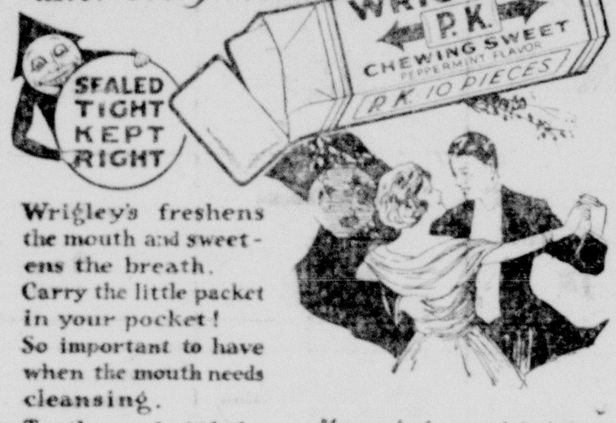
The Attorney-General of the United States has ruled that you must be a member of some farmers organization at the time of shipment of livestock to be entitled to rebate at the end of the year.

The business of the Maryville Shipping Association amounted to about $200,000 for 1924.

ERNEST C. MOORE, Manager.

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal!



Wrigley's freshens the mouth and sweetens the breath. Carry the little packet in your pocket! So important to have when the mouth needs cleansing. Teeth are brightly burnished - Smiles just naturally come!

Many doctors and dentists recommend it.

F15

Different Flavors - Same Quality!

New Belts
New Dress Goods
New Collar Sets
New Dresses

At

GRAHAMS

Dept. Store - "All Sorts of Things"

Come In

BOX AND PIE SOCIAL

There will be a program followed by a box and pie social at the Gill School, Friday, February 13.

Celeste Caylor, Teacher.

I. O. O. F.

White Cloud Lodge No. 92

meets every Tuesday night.

Work given in Degrees.

Members urged to be present.

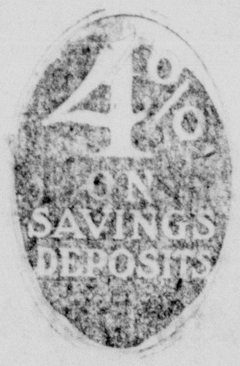
Visitors always welcomed.

THE VALUE OF SAVING

"Save surely, steadily and wisely, so as to be able to spend judiciously in a time of need which will probably be greater than that of the present."

We welcome new accounts of One Dollar or more. We have a Bank Book waiting for you.

Oldest bank in the county. More than fifty years of service. Liberty Bonds bought and sold.



NODAWAY VALLEY BANK

Maryville, Mo.

Closing Out Sale

I am leaving the state and will sell the fol lowing at my farm, 4½ miles northwest of Maryville, Mo., 3½ miles southeast of Wilco x, ¼ mile east of Knabb school on

WED., FEBRUARY 11, 1925

SALE STARTS 10:30 A. M.

Horses and Mules

1 sorrel mare 7 years old, sound, well broke, weight 1450; 1 brown mare 6 years old, sound, well broke, weight 1500; 1 gray horse coming 3 years old; 1 black gelding coming 2 years old; 1 black registered Percheron stallion, weight 1800, good breeder; 1 pair horse mules, 5 and 6 years old, well broke, weight 2300; 1 Jenet 5 years old.

45 Head Cattle

34 Head Registered

16 head of Hereford cows, registered, to calve in March and April; 10 head of Hereford heifers coming yearlings, registered; 7 head of Hereford bulls, registered; 1 herd bull, Anxiety breeding; 2 long yearlings, 1 heifer, 1 steer; 1 registered milking Shorthorn cow and calf; 1 Jersey cow giving milk; 1 roan cow, 4 years old; 1 Whiteface Jersey cow, extra good, fresh.

74 Head Hogs

10 head of Poland-China sows, bred.
4 head of Hampshire sows, bred.
60 head of Poland-China fall pigs.

Implements

1 Winona grain wagon and box; 1 low iron wheel wagon and box; 1 low iron wheel wagon and hay frame; 2 New Century 6-shovel cultivators; 1 16-inch sulky plow; 1 14-inch Oliver walking plow; 1 14-inch Oliver gang tractor plow (new); 1 3-section harrow (new); 1 2-section harrow; 1 6-ft. McCormick mower; 1 McCormick corn binder; 1 Rock Island hay loader; 1 8-inch feed grinder; 1 top buggy; 2 pair shalves; 1 pump and cylinder complete; 1 Fordson tractor, new last summer; 1 No. 1 A Sandwich corn sheller with 14-ft. extension feeder, has not shelled over 12,000 bushels, in A1 condition; 1 walking lister; 1 70-bushel self-feeder; 1 hog oiler; 2 double hog houses; one 50-gallon coal oil barrel; two 14-foot hog troughs; one ½ barrel of vinegar, 4 years old; 3 sets of 1¾ inch Concord harness, 1 set nearly new; 1 Maytag power washing machine; 1 hand washing machine; 10 bushels Early Ohio potatoes; 10 or 15 bushels Jonathan and Winesap apples.

Hay

Some timothy, clover and alfalfa; 10 bushels Reid's Yellow Dent seed corn.

Household Goods

1 kitchen cabinet; 1 10-ft. dining table; 1 sideboard; 15 dining room chairs; 3 rocking chairs; 1 bedroom dresser; 2 commodes; 1 ¾ bed; 2 iron beds; 3 pair springs; 1 18-inch coal heater; 2 stand tables; 1 Radio; 1 9x12 Congoleum rug; 1 Daisy churn; 1 water separator; 1 kitchen linoleum; 1 150-egg Old Trusty incubator; 12 dozen hens, Buff Orpingtons and Rhode Islands, some Brown Leghorns; 13 head Tolouse geese; 11 head Mallard ducks.

TERMS—All sums of $10 and under cash; all over $10, 3 or 6 months, bearing 8 per cent interest.

P. S.—You will find these Hereford cattle of the thick, meaty kind and a credit to their breed, good enough to go to any good farmer or breeder and I think are worth your attention. Come and see for yourself and are all TB tested and on the accredited list.

Lunch will be served by the Knabb Country Club

M. D. VERT

R. P. HOSMER, Auct. J. D. RICHEY, Clerk.

Homer Croy Working on a New Novel

(Kansas City Star)

Where most fiction writers leave off, Mr. Homer Croy, an American novelist, wintering and working in Cannes, just commences.

Mr. Croy is working on a new novel, "The Rain Maker," his fourth and one that he thinks will even out-do "West of the Water Tower" and R. F. D. No. 3." Mr. Croy is from Maryville, Mo., which he has taken for the locale of all of his books and calls Junction City. He writes nothing about cowboys or shooting, but merely tells about the people who have lived next door to him.

Mr. Croy is a former journalist, and as he puts it,"the first student of the first school of journalism in the world, the University of Missouri." He is one of the new group of American writers whose origin can be traced to Theodore Dreiser.

Mr. Croy has found Cannes a delightful place in which to work, and every morning from 8 to noon he labors on his latest book. Later in the season, he plans to give a dinner to American writers in Europe, and it is expected that the cream of literary talent will be present. One of his guests probably will be Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

(Continued from Page Two)

fortune trying to recover the child; she lost her beauty, her youth, everything—lost, at last, even to her reason. She became on of those religious fanatics familiar to Paris of that time. She lived in a stone cell below the level of the street, subsisting on such charity as came her way.

All she did was to curse and pray. Some days you could hear her wailing a quarter of a mile away: "God, God, give me back my child! Oh, give me back my child!" But even louder than her prayers were her curses. The mere sight of a gypsy would set her shrieking: "Ye fiends of Hell! What did you do with her Tell me where she is! Come closer that I can tear your eyes out! Child-stealers, imps of Satan!"

That afternoon she had cursed Esmeralda. Had cursed her whenever the opportunity had offered. Yet the girl would go out of her way to place secret alms on the crazy woman's window-sill.

Phoebus' thoughts left the poor, mad creature and dwelt upon Fleur de Lys, his fiancee, and niece of the haughty Madame de Gondelaurier. Blonde, talented, charming and aristocratic as her aunt, Fleur de Lys would make an excellent wife for Phoebus, he thought . . . and yet—— Well, he'd try to settle down after marriage. That week her aunt was to give a dinner in his honor. She would announce her niece's engagement then to all the noble guests present. Perhaps King Louis, himself, would be there, and . . . . .

A girl's scream pierced the darkness—"Help! Help!"

(To Be Continued).

Use Democrat-Forum Want Ads.

Parnell

Mrs. Hagan of Guilford is visiting Mrs. Robert Hinkle this week.

Mrs. Corrinne Nye and son, Edward, returned from Kansas City, Thursday.

Mrs. Coffman returned Friday from Macon and Kansas City where she has been visiting the past four weeks. Mrs. Coffman will have her new spring hats ready for showing next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berg returned Thursday from Conception where they have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Fitzsimmons. Mr. Fitzsimmons had an infection in his arm and was quite ill for a few days.

Mrs. Lewis Porter has been on the sick list but is improving at the present time.

Del Beardsley of Winner, S. D., is visiting friends in and around Parnell this week.

Mrs. Charles Roof of 3240 East Pine street, Wichita, has been quite sick but is slowly improving.

Jessie Blake and children of Texas spent several days this week with Dr. and Mrs. Johnson.

S. W. Herndon of Torrington, Wyo., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. W. F. Kennedy and family.

Mrs. H. H. Conrad is seriously at her home in North Parnell.

Mrs. Emily Evans is suffering this week with an attack of the flu.

Mr. John Dinsmore died at her home here February 4th., after a prolonged illness. He was 68 years of age and had resided here for 12 years, having moved here from their farm near Gaynor. Surviving him are his widow, two daughters, Mrs. W. D. Hart of Parnell, Miss Zoa Dinsmore of Sauk Center, Minn., one son and ten grandchildren. Interment was made in the Gaynor cemetery after funeral services at the M. E. Church in Parnell conducted by Rev. L. Focht. Out of town friends and relatives here for the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. William Killion of Pickering, Mrs. Tom Keenan of Blockton, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dinsmore, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Hall of St. Joseph, and Mrs. Frankie Griffin of Tina, Mo.

Bobbie Conrad of St. Joseph is visiting his uncle and aunt Dr. and Mrs. H. Day.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Brashear have been quite ill for the past week.

Mr. Warner Patterson of Savannah was in Parnell on business Wednesday.

A farmer will make an attempt to grow rice near Elsberry in Lincoln County. If he succeeds in raising it successfully there, it will grow in other sections of North Missouri.

The Federal Tariff Commission might as well go out of business. It was created to make scientific investigations and take the tariff out of politics. It was intended to be purely non-partisan and non-political, but it has degenerated into a simple tool of high protectionists through the appointment of men not fitted to carry out the high purposes of the commission.

CAR of Northern oats on track latter part of this week. Farmers Exchange.

Radio

Delightful, Entertaining, Instructive

Buy it at

HOLT SUPPLY CO.

Guttering
Spouting
Metal Ceilings
Furnace Work

We are building up a big business by doing good work at fair prices and giving prompt service. Let us figure with you on your work. Telephone us or drop us a line and see how quick we are to get on the job.

We are exclusive agents in this city for the

FRONT RANK STEEL FURNACE

If you are building a new home, or thinking of changing the heating in your old house, it will pay you to talk it over with us. We are heating experts and our advice and suggestions will be of great value to you.

Heideman and Leet

Maryville, Mo.
East Side Square

Phones { Farmers 309 / Hannimo 409

Guttering, Spouting, Metal Work, Furnace Repairs

ATTRACTIVE SALE of HARDWARE

36 USEFUL ARTICLES

Quality Hardware Merchandise at Lowest Prices!

Take inventory of your present equipment; then see us with your list of necessities while you can make real savings on each item you buy!

Aluminum Cake and Pie PANS **29c**	Clothes Boilers Galvanized **$1.25**	COAL SHOVELS **65c**	SAD IRON **$1.05**	WASH BOARDS **52c**	MOP HANDLES **13c**
DISH PANS 17 quart **89c**	ALUMINUM SETS **49c**	DOUBLE BOILERS 3 qt. ALUMINUM **$1.75**	Alarm Clocks 8-day **$2.60**	COLANDERS **13c**	Funnel Top Cans One-half gallon **68c**
TEA KETTLES Gray **75c**	FLOUR SIEVES **15c**	Cream Whippers **10c**	Galvanized Buckets 12-quart **15c**	FOOD GRINDERS UNIVERSAL No. 2 **$1.70**	DUST PANS **9c**
Measuring Cups **10c**	Fingers FLOOR MOPS **$1.00**	Eureka Cleaners **$45.00**	EGG BEATERS DOVER DOUBLE **20c**	MIXING PANS **42c**	COFFEE POTS **42c**
Wire Soap Racks **9c**	CASSEROLES **$2.50**	GARBAGE CANS **91c**	WINDOW DRIERS **25c**	ELECTRIC IRONS **$2.60**	SAUCE PANS 2 quart **66c**
Aluminum Kettles 10 quart **$1.39**	Nursery Scales **$2.10**	STEW KETTLES 6 qt. ALLADIN **68c**	SEMDAC MOPS **65c**	SINGLE AXES, Kelley **$1.60**	COAL SCUTTLES **22c**

Many Other Bargains In Our Complete Stock of Hardware

Phares Lumber & Hardware Co

EAST SIDE SQUARE. MARYVILLE, MO.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT